## Freeze

by Echol01

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Summary: 3 stirs to the right, 4 to the left. Emma sighed. Her parents wondered if she had OCD. She didn't, not really. Did it

really matter whether or not she was perfect?

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\_3 stirs to the right, 4 to the left.\_ Emma sighed. Her parents wondered if she had OCD. She didn't, not really. Did it really matter whether or not she was perfect?

Inwardly, she groaned. Today she'd nearly been caught, again, by Cleo's dad. She hated risks, and Rikki knew that. So, of course Rikki had to go out of her way to take a risk for her.

Emma sighed again as she stirred the juice. Cleo and Rikki would come in, along with Lewis. Cleo was probably sympathizing with Rikki. It was always up to Emma to be the responsible, mature one. It was up to her to be the leader of the group.

Emma stared down at the glass. There were only 14 pieces of ice. It was suggested she have 15. Emma scooped out one last piece of ice and put it in the drink.

In a way, Emma liked her power. She always loved the ice, the way it was perfect and orderly. Everything white and clean. And it did help at the cafã $\odot$ . When they were low on ice, just freeze some more. Got too cold in the fridge? No problem. Just freeze it. Of course, there had been that moment where she'd frozen Miriam. It was a minor setback, Emma got over it easily.

She always got over everything easily. Sometimes she wished she could be like Rikki or Cleo, not have to be so uptight. But the idea of a life without lines scared her.

No, it was much better doing everything to regulation. Order was

important. Order is important. Without order, life wouldn't exist. Everything had to have its function, its thing that it did. With order came stability.

But sometimes, Emma wished she could color outside of the lines. But the moment wouldn't be perfect. The coloring, everything would look off.

\_3 stirs to the right, 4 to the left.\_ This is what she was good at doing.

End file.